- From the time of our old Revolution, When we throw off the yoke of the Hing, Has descended this purase to remember, To remember, to say, and to sing; "Its a phrase that is full of a lesson,
- It can comfort and warm like a fire It can cheer us when days are the darkest:
- Twas King George's Prime Minister said it, To the King who had questioned, in heat, What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving, In such times of ill luck and defeat; "What's the cause for your Day of Thanksgiv
- ing, Tell me, pray!" cried the King, in his ire; Said the Minister: "This is the reason— That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"
- There has nothing come down in the story Of the answer returned by the King; But I think on his throne he sat silent, And confessed it a sensible thing. For there's never a burden so heavy That it might not be heavier still; There is never so bitter a sorrow
- That the cup could not fuller fill. And whatever of care or of sadness Our life and our duties may bring.

 There is always the cause for Thanksgiving
 Which the Minister told to the King.
- 'Tis a lesson to sing and remember; It can comfort and warm like a fire Can cheer us when days are the darkest-"That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"
 -Helen Jackson (H. H.), in Wide Awoke,

[Original.] A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

One Flirtation, One Thanksgiving, One Wedding.

BY 6-5-90. SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 6 .- To the Editor-in-Chief Callation, City.—Dear Sir: It pains me exceedingly to be obliged to incur your displeasure in regard to the next chapters of "Coming Events." But really the days have grown so short, with work

ever on the increase-indeed, sometimes, I think I shall drop either the office or my literary aspirations altogether. The former notwithstanding your kind assurances, am not prepared to do; the latter, I can not; so there the days go by—frittered at both ends, wasted in the middle. And then and then-dear Mr. Editor, lend me your most sympathetic ear, if you have got such a thing-I have a little romantic episode of thy own! oping not to strain your kind temper too far. I remain,

Yours Resp. "Tiger." SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 13 .- Editor Criterion. - Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets, and hope to be "on hand" with the next.

Aha! So you really have a "sentimental

ear" and want to know about my "roman-tic ep." Well, I do not mind telling you, we are such great friends—though we have never met. Besides, I know you are such a regular old mole you never will disclose. Besides, I have not a soul to tell, and I am dying for sympathy. You see Dick Ray and I had a regular fuss, night before last, as to our favorite style of beauty; the sub-ject being started by a question as to pref-erence, in my new "Mental Autograph Albam." So pronounced was my enthusiasm for that rare combination, "light hair and dark eyes," that Dick, whose unrelieved ravenness has never been able to score a hit closer to the center of my heart than "friendship," was somewhat startled, and I could see not a little nettled. One word led to another, each one making me but the more loyal to what, true as fate, dear mole, has never been more than an ideal in my mind. So strong was the impression left by the controversy that sleep was not able to banish it. A hero of "ligh hair and dark eyes" wandered with me through dreamland, appeared in the sunlit rays which woke mor indeed, followed me car into the office, where every thing, not business and clothes, are supposed to be

peremptorily "dropped." By noon, his idealship was pretty well at the usual hour without him, till, coming ν) the corner of Wabash avenue and old gentleman, with his certain, gracious Adams street, the capers of a fractious manner, and his raised umbrella, which, horse disturbed the symmetry of travel, with a respectful but firm "permit me," he a picnic—brushing down the mud and and and and and defined but firm "permit me," he as picnic—brushing down the mud and and and and sudden huddle and halt of the "liv- held straight over the damp little turban, snow-striped "rough suit." as though as perfect a type of poor Dick's rival as could possibly be met with in a day's search. Such remarkably fine brown eyes! So deep set in shape, so liberal, kindly and frank in expression, so charming in con-trast with the hair, whose "lightness" the rim of a very stylish and becoming Derby disclosed to be "whiteness," for my materialized ideal was an elderly, portly, handsome gentleman, of the type only to be met with on earth, I believe, in Paris New York and Chicago—a thoroughly stylish, clean, healthy, business man!

The huddle of people, the sudden ap-pearance, right before my eyes, of my deal beautiful in man, recalling, as it did the ridiculous quarrel of the night before shocked me utterly out of all my usua demureness, all my theories on the subject of street-conduct, all my self-control; I



PACE TO PACE.

smiled-one of my very best-straight into the middle of the brown eyes, which, I need not assure you, were not at all behind hand in a genuine response—with interest A momentary hesitation of expectancy, refusal, regret, a polite raising of the becoming Derby, and we had parted-my ideal and I-for aye, and aye, and aye.

You think I did right, se e'est pas ?

SEY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 20 .- Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I am sorry to say, I must again disappoint you with sheets of "Coming Events." Night before last I slept but two hours, last night was utterly worthless, could do nothing rational in the way of work-I am so disturbed and un-

ppy! What do you think happened Thursday Just about the same place and same time, whom should I meet again, but my nice old gentleman. Oh, but he is handsome! with such a look-more than a look-that makes me want so much to know him. I know he would be such a good, true friend-and oh my dear sir, I am so desolate of friends He was carrying an umbrella, so was I, and we passed, like two ships at sea, as near as we dured; I with my stoniest glare, he with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a halt in his gait that told me, well as I wanted to know, that I need not walk alone to lunch that day, unless I wished. But I saw well

day, unless I wished. But I saw well enough that he was a wealthy gentleman, who, no doubt, would be only too glad to have a little sport with the heart of a poor little maiden, who would have naught but regret left to fill the emptiness in her life, after he had fied to pastures new.

Nevertheless, after passing, a strong desire possessed me to see how he walked, mayhap wherein he might turn on the avenue, that would give me some clue to his business, which desire was fed, as desires ever will be, by nothing less than W—'s

great, big photograph-case standing way out on the pavement, with its shelter, and shade, and excuse, right on its beautiful shade, and excuse, right on its beautiful face! Oh, why will people do that which they know they will be sorry fort And why will inanimate things conspire, in times of weakness, to lead the doubter towards regret! This apple of Sodom came in my way at my weakest, bidding me

halt-just a moment-look at the pictures. There -063

I PERKED. and-peck! I halted-just a moment ooked at the pictures, and-pecked! O ho! there was my ideal, turned square around, looking after me, stock still, umbrella over his shoulder, the whitest of white handkerchiefs in his hand! Of course he expected me to do some such graceless thing, nd here I, poor silly goose, walked right

into the trap.

The storm of anger, mortification and elf-blame, ended, as storms usually do, in opious rain; and you may depend that never again will I get caught in such a shameful manner. Oh, shame upon me Never! What would the dear prim little aunt, way back in the prim little church-yard, of the primest town in all of prim old Connecticut, say, could she know that I, to whom her last words were of caution and advice on account of my "looks," should here, in the nobbiest city of the whole wild West, be caught, in the public street, flirting with a materialized ideal! "TIGER."

SEY PARLOR, Oct. 27 -Editor Criterion. Dear Sir: You see I have been quite industrious. I send you advance sheets this time. You will say my humiliating lesson did me good. So it did. I have since frequently met "my nice old gentleman." He seems to understand that I am no common flirt. He passes in respectful and unex-pectant manner, that is not indifference, but which increases my interest in him ten-fold for its manliness. One look, one word of intrusion or familiarity, after he saw it sas contrary to my conscience, would have settled the matter. All interest in him would have died on the spot. I loathe an old slop! He is all that is manly, self-conrolled and gentlemanly-I do believe, my dear, sympathizing mole, that I am more than half in love with light hair, dark eyes, fifty years and two hundred pounds!

SKY PARLOR, Nov. 3 .- Editor Criterion. Dear Sir: I send you the next four chap ers. You will say I must be going to die

I am so good. One more episode in my romance, which I write with tears in my eyes. Last night I was standing at the corner of Washing ton and State streets waiting for the car You know what an excessively sloppy nasty night it was, and what a task it is to reach the cable at that hour, through such a jangle of every thing, and the mud. too. I was feeling particularly cross and uncom-fortable. The rain was playing havoc with my pretty little rough suit, as the mud would with my neat shoes. I must have looked mad, I felt so—not daring to go on, not daring to wait, lest the rain should increase; when, with a great throb, that sent a new supply of blood, hope, courage and ished, however, and I started to lunch delight to every vein in my body, my heart saw; coming straight towards me, my dear and, gently taking my arm, escorted me, brushing a butterfly from a lawn-tennis through all the "jangle of every thing," to the car steps. But the bustle was not too great, nor the way too short nor difficult. to prevent his expressing, in—oh, such well-bred and new tones—how much he would like the pleasure of my acquaintance, and might he not hope some time, before very long, to call upon me at my homenight he not have my address to-night.

And of course-of course-why of cours -I could not let him. Ah! but you can not know how I almost choked as I told him o. Oh! dear, can you think, I was so do ate, and I knew he was good and true.

"Oh, my dear sir," I said, "it is indeed impossible. Indeed, indeed, it is not that I have any objections to you, your own self, but, don't you see, if I let you—there is no -reason-why I-should-not let-anybody -at least, there is - nothing to preventyour-thinking-I-would - and" -I could say no more. I fancy he heard the great sob underneath, for in tones so low, not even the little rain drops falling about us could hear, he stooped and said, oh, so ear-nestly: "God bless and take care of you, my dear good little girl!" then stooping still lower, he kissed my hand, us respectfully as if I had been some great lady, and we were standing on the ball-room floor of some elegant home. The rain drops which splashed on the hard alligator side of my little sachel must have been cold on one side and warm on the other; cold for re gret at the happiness I had thrown, willfully, over my shoulder, warm with the intense thrills of delight which any woman always feels at receiving the well-earned

respect of a thoroughly manly man. SKY PARLOR, Nov. 10. - Editor Criterion. Dear Sir: I send you a few more pages I fear that I must bring "Coming Events" to a more strupt conclusion than I had intended. It, or something, is wearing on me perceptibly. I can neither sleep nor

at. I shall make it up to you later. Thanks for your kind personal interest, and your sympathy in my little romance, and desire for "more." I must tell you. The restaurant was awfully crowded yes terday, as it always is Saturdays. I had a very pleasant seat, however, with a vacant chair beside me, which the kind waiter al-ways lets me have to hold my sachel and parcels. I went to writing as usual—most of "Coming Events" was begotten between "orders"—and so interested was I in Chap-ter 13, inclosed, that I did not notice the waster coming my way, till, with a murmured "pardon," he removed my things and placed the newcomer therein. So absorbed was I that I never looked up, till the waiter's return, when, whom should I find sitting by my side, but "him!" And there lay your "note-heads" large as life with the state of the stat lay your "note-heads" large as life, with your grandiloquent name tastefully scrollound in full, on the left-hand corner— I. L. De Verne, Editor-in-chief, *Criterion*. What if he had seen it! Oh, what if he had, and was even now mentally denounce ing that mosquito in petticoats, the "female reporter!" But he did not seem as if he reporter!" But he did not seem as if he had. His shapely, well-kept hands were nonchalently joined at the tips, over the white cloth, and the wonderful brown eyes indifferently fixed on the awning over the rival restaurant across the way. No, I am sure he did not see; and I did not prolong his opportunity for so doing, I can assure you. He was immaculately dressed in a cool, fawn-colored suit, faultless linen, and the short white hair a la pompadour over the broad forehead, the whole set off by a nobby little button-hole bouquet—red and white. Had I been a native of Senegambia white. Half I been a native of Schegambia he could not have remained more utterly unconscious of my presence than he did, all through that cozy little meal we took there, side by side, but not together. And the dainty, sensible meal he ordered! Just what I should have chosen to serve him had little day. Above chosen to serve him had I it to do. Ah me! ah me! And how dain-tily he diued! No hurry, no indecent haste. So different from the ravenous and disgust-

ing manner of the "cheap-John" gobblers, who so offended my domestic taste every time I ate in a restaurant. He kept his dishes neatly arranged about him, so as not to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, left the room

And there lay the dear little daisy at the other side of his plate. How did it get out of its compact little home! It must have fallen out. I could not bear to see so sweet a flower tossed into a gravy dish, so I put it into my little sachel. Ah, you dear little daisy, don't you tell! "Tigen."
Sky Parlon, Nov. 17.—Editor Criterion.—

Dear Sir: I must disappoint you this week. I have been very ill. The doctor insists upon perfect rest. I shall try to send you some pages Thursday. "Tiger."
SKY PARLOR, Nov. 25.—Editor Criterion. Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets. I am much better. The most exciting "episode" of all occurred a day or two after I sent my last "installment." I was feeling unusually blue. No doubt the effect of being sick and weak. Then the Thanks giving season approaching, the sad past and lonely present came as never before so painfully to my mind. I could not bear the thought of the joyous anniversary, nor the hosts of happy, thankful people who would enjoy its pleasures. What had I to be thankful for! Life! So had the mollusks, and sponges, and corais of the great deep, who knew no cause. I had worked harder, enjoyed less, and suffered more than any one similarly situated, whom I chanced to know. Well, anyway, I decided to stay away from the restaurant that day and arrange my own small bill of fare as nearly as possible in accord with the day. I had once taken home some cranberries, just because they were so pretty and dinner-like, and, as an experiment, had stewed them over my little gas-heater, and made most delicious sauce. I could do so again. This, with some turkey taken from the restaurant, rolls from my favorite bakery, and a box of candy, would furnish me a meal fit for a queen-if she were a happy one-at one-half the cost of a similar one prepared by "stranger hands." The bal-ance I would inclose in an envelope to the little errand-boy who was accustomed to bring errands to our office from S. S. & Co., whose wan face and pleasant smile had touched my heart, and who was the only person I knew that I felt justified in

It was late when I reached "down town," and after getting my few errands, I was weak and trembling, and I sat in G—s & weak and trembling, and I sat in G—s & Co.'s to wait for the car. While I ,'jotted down a notion' the car-bell startled me, and I jumped up hastily, gathering my effects-rolls, chicken, cranberries and the paper which I crumpled back in my hand as I ran. I had almost reached the step, when by some mis-sight, the conductor rang the and over, and over, in the doubtful snow and slush, skirts in mid-air, hat rolling under the wheels and the unfortunate cran berries dripping through a hole in their bag, proclaiming in balls of crimson guilt my mortifying story to conductor, passengers, passers-by, and, horror of horrors! my dear old gentleman!!! For he it was whose strong arm righted me, as though l had slipped in the most simple and grac



THE DEAR LITTLE DAISY.

the car, as though we were returning from ostume, and scating himself beside me, a though he had been my escort since the norning. I did not need to look for bundles, there they all were, close beside him, minus the luckless cranberries.

"You must allow me to see you safely to

your home," he said. "You are too weakly to be trusted alone." Whatever more he said was neither heard nor replied to; I could neither hear nor see, nor understand. After seeing me safely deposited in the musty tittle parlor, he added: "Now" but I never heard the rest, for a senseless heap was all that was left of me, ten secands after I touched the little lounge.

And the next voice I heard was the doc tor's, and a very strictly professional voice it was, after the dear tender tones that had sent me to sleep!

CONTINUATION FROM PRIVATE DIARY And so I spent Thanksgiving Day in bed, and four days after. The fifth day a second form followed the doctor's into the parlor-which I had, for the first time reached again-and shed its "light hair and iark eyes" upon the face of the little mirror which had reflected Dick's angry glances he evening of our discussion of that fate ful subject.

The doctor staid only long enough to feel my pulse, change my medicine and intro-duce me to his old friend and fellow-citizen. Oh, kindly earth, open and swallow me up!!! Ye, snows, fall in heaps and bury me from sight! ! ! Oh, sun, cease you cruel shining, and let a merciful dark enshroud my crushed, humiliating self!!!
for the doctor introduced me to-M. L. De-Verne, editor-in-chief Criterion, city, who for the last eight weeks had been re-ceiving, in the private box of his editor-inchiefship, the twin romances of "Coming Events" and my own dearly-bought story of self-proclaimed love and devotion for the "dear old mole, who would not disclose," and with whom my identification dated fro that day when the brown eyes rested indifferently on the awning of the rival retaurant across the way after they had deliciously twinkled over their owner's name tastefully scroll-bound on the left-hand corner of the Criterion note-head, so accommodatingly displayed to his gaze.

"My dear old gentleman," indeed! handsome, so stylish and so clean." I longed to know him!" "How I longed to serve with hands of love, the dainty dinner brought by stranger hands!" Oh, you bad

and dine with me that evening; he sending in the dinner which should be served in that same little parlor, which was secured from intrusion, by a charm more potent than any possessed by the "Sky parlor"

What all happened that day need not l

Next day brought me a little nackage, which my weak happy hands could scarcely open, for joy at the dear familiar handwriting, not on official business. It contained a tiny box from Peacock's and the daintiest little volume bound in red moroco, entitled: "One Flirtation—One Thanksgiving—One Wedding—Inscribed to my dear little wife," in which was reproduced, in daintiest type, on the most delicate paper, word for word of my letters to the "dear old mole," relating to a certain "romantic episode" which I felt sure he "would not disclose"—while clear, full-faced type impressively conveyed the more touching passages of love and admiration, which, like boomerangs from my heart, had returned, after, lo, these many days. The tiny box held a jewel the like of which is not to be met with in any jeweler's shop in the city, for was not Love caught in its Next day brought me a little package

nd flashes, captured by the delicate circlet, inside which was inscribed the sim-ple record: "Thanksgiving, 1885." A few days later was added the follow-

CHICAGO, Dec. 1 .- To the Officers of the Criterion Publishing Company—Gentlemen: Inclosed please find concluding chapters of

Inclosed please find concluding chapters of "Coming Events."

I beg to add that in view of a coming event which did not cast its shadow at their commencement, I herewith, by order of your editor-in-chief, tender you release from your part in the contract binding us in literary relations through the year '86.

With ever-living hopes for the success of your consequent many large that I remain. your excellent magazine, I remain, Yours very resp., "Tiger."

HUNTING FOR AN HEIR. An Humble Rhode Island Weaver and His Immense Fortune.

[Providence (R. L.) Special.] All the mills in this State are being vis ited by Adolphe Balashe and John E. Girari, of Cherbourg, France, who are hunting for Edouard Marie Recamier, who is the heir to a large fortune in France. If now alive he is an old man, and he is be-lieved to have followed the trade of a

veaver all his life. The men who are searching for him say that during the First Empire, and whe Mme. Recamier was a noted belle, a near relative of hers, and heir to large estates deserted his family and entered the nav as a sailor under an assumed name. He was but a mere lad. He was placed on board the brig Pomme d'Or, which saw considerable service in Napoleon's reign.

Young Recamier was unsuited to his po sition, and he soon gained the ill-will of his messmates and his superior officers. Accustomed to a life of ease and luxury, he found living on board ship before the mast as a common sailor very disagreeable, and he was often disciplined for disobeying orders. A young Lieutenant complained of him often, and finally succeeded in baying him triced up to the breach of a gun where he was flogged. The Lieutenant little realized who the young man was, but the latter knew him. He at once became a sworn enemy of the empire. While the ship was at New Orleans he deserted her and, coming North, he fell in love with French girl near Boston and made her his wife. The girl was an operative in a cotton mill, and she supported her husband Achild was born, and soon after this event Recamier deserted them both. When the First Empire was overthrown

he returned to France and assisted in the guillotining of the Lieutenant who had humiliated him on board ship. While in France he paid court to a laly of rank, a relative, it is said, of Mme. Roland, and he oncealed his American marriage. lady's name was Mile. Arnot, and she soon married Recamier. Seven children were born. Mr. and Mrs. Recamies died about fifty years ago. Ten years after their death their children, who had ome into possession of their property discovered a paper among their effects which disclosed the fact of the first marriage, which, of course, made the second marriage illegal. It was learned from the paper that Recamier had made some ef-forts to discover his first wife and her child, in order that he might, in a meas ure, atone for the wrong which he had done. The heirs by the second marriage agreed to destroy the paper and divide the property among them.

The paper was destroyed, and for forty years the estates have been in their hands But the secret could not be kept. An in witable quarrel took place, and one of the heirs, now rich from other sources disclosed the scandal for revenge, and of fers to give up his portion of the inher tance, knowing that the others will b ruined when they are obliged to follow his example. A reward of twenty thou. sand francs was offered for the discovery of the child by the American marriage who is Recamier's first born and heir to his estates. Messrs. Girard and Balashe are in earnest, and will leave no stone un turned to find the missing heir.

A STUDY IN HICKORY.

ething About the Best Nut Produc by the North American Forests. [Popular Science Monthly.]

It is a favorite pastime of our country population during the long winter even ings to gather round the fire and crack and eat hickory-nuts. It is an amusement oo, peculiarly American, and for the sin ple reason that in this country alone are the nuts to be had in any abundance. Peraps, where almonds or English walnut are equally common, cracking hickory nuts is superseded by a resort to these other fruits. They, however, are much easier to open than the hickory-nut, and with thinner shells are readily cracked at the table. But in America, in those dis tricts where the peanut does not take the Eastern States, the amusement is the same. They are the best nuts the forests of North America produce, and some of them are thought to be superior in flavor

to the much-esteemed English walnut. Year after year have hundreds and thou sands of bushels of the shell-barks, the nickory-nuts par excellence, been gathered in various parts of the country. Among these, few can have failed to notice the many differences they present. Some are small and nearly round; some are long, narrow and angular; some have thick hells, and some thin ones, as any one who has cracked his fingers along with the shell

can bear witness. According to evolutionary doctrines variability in an important feature is an indication either of a low state of development, or that the organism is in a state of advancement. Various facts show the latter to be the case with the shell-bark hick ory. The first stages of the onward march must be sought far back in prehistoric imes, for it boasts an ancient if not an honorod lineage. Before the hairy mais-moth roamed the forests of the Ohio valley; before the soil of Louisiana was yet above the ocean's waters; before the Ohio had become tributary to the mighty Mississippi; before even the Rocky mountain range had been elevated above the waste of waters, the ancestors of this hickory flourished in the land.

Frightened to Death.

[Burdette, in Brooklyn Eag'e.] Never frighten children. A man in Trenton, whose fourteen-year-old boy got to staying out too late nights, but a black mask on his face, hid in a dark alley and jumped out at his son with a fearful yell s the boy passed by. But it happened that a policeman was strolling ale he same time, and, as he caught sight of the masked figure, he shricked with terror, ran four miles at the top of his speed, and dropped dead, while the boy, hastily call-ing together a mob of his follows, pursued his father down the alley with bricks and anguage, both hard. And yet, in spite of best terrible lessons, there are grown people who foolishly delight in frighten-ing children. Still, the same grown per-son isn't liable to scare the same boy oftener than once in a century.

SEVENTEEN years ago, when Pat McCoy, of Wilkesbarre, left his wife and went West to make a fortune, he was a very spare man. The other day, when he returned with a few thousand dollars and a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds, Mrs. McCoy refused to recognize him as her lean husband. She had not heard from him during all his absence. McCoy takes her refusal to recognize him much to hears.

A MANLY EXPLANATION.

ostmaster-General Vilas Replies to the Contemptible Sturs and Charges of the Republican Press.

The World's Washington special gives the following explanation from Postmaster-General Vilas regarding his speech at Madison: "It is true," said General Vilas, "that I did make a speech at my home in Madison. The report sent out to the press that I had participated in the contest and assisted in the manipulation of the canvass is wholly false and without the least possible semblance of truth. I did not reach Madison until Sunday night previous to the election. On Monday I spent an hour and a half of the forenoon conversing with friends I happened to meet on the sidewalk and called at the Democrat office for fifteen minutes. It was natural I should call upon my old friends. After I had in-dulged in a brief call I returned to my residence and there remained until evening. I was asked to address the people in connection with other gentlemen, some of them prominent and well known throughout the State.

"By their courtesy more time way accorded me than either of the other gentleman occupied. It has been the custom, I think, for the last twenty years, in the city of Madison, to close the campaign with a political meeting either on Saturday or Monday evening preceding the election on Tuesday. do not suppose there has been a halfdozen of these meetings when I was absent and did not have something to say to my friends and neighbors upon the political situation. I had gone home to vote, and was willing to travel 2,000 miles to enjoy the privilege and attest my sincerity to an honest and fair administration of public affairs. In attest my sincerity the course of my remarks I spoke commendatorily and specifically the President's order issued to Federal office-holders regarding participation in political conventions. I pointed out the evils which had grown up during the lifetime of the Republican party when party nominations were controlled by the office-holding element. I unqualifiedly declared my cordial approval of the President's course and policy in respect to the official dictation and intermeddling of office-holders in directing nominations and manipulating conventions, and the declaration re ceived an outburst of applause indicative of the most hearty approval of the wise and judicious policy of the

President. "I was among my friends, comrades and neighbors, and I looked upon it as a duty to address them when they had been kind enough to extend to me an invitation. There is a wide difference between addressing an audience at home in a single speech and abandoning the duties of an office for a long period of campaigning; there must be a distinction allowed between officers charged with different duties in connection with the service of the Gov ernment. There was nothing in the ousiness requiring my attention but the false reports transmitted for partisan ends.

CAN HE REACH THEM? Some Remarks Regarding the Plumed

was in the city to effect a reconcilia-

tion between himself and the Mug-

Knight from Maine and the Indepen-dent Voters Who Do Not Believe in It was recently announced through

wump Times, the haughty Conkling and ex-President Arthur. That the covering the anti-Blaine Republicans of a candidate in 1888? Congressman William Walter Phelps, who is one of Mr. Blaine's closest confidants, just be-fore the latter started on his tour through the States, said: "I don't know, and I don't suppose he does. It's two years yet, you see. You may be sure he won't be unless the minorplace of other nuts, the cracking of the his nomination last time—ask for it in be the pecan of Texas and Illinois, or the shell-bark or mocker-nut of the Central or which way Mr. Blaine was looking for 6-total, 212. a pretext to come before the Republic an National convention in 1888. If he could show that the disaffected elements of 1881-the Mugwumps, the

> would have an excuse to nominate him with a whoop. Unfortunately for Mr. Blaine, the Mugwump element is an intangible thing. It has no representative leader or organization with whom he can egotiate. It is constituted of inde pendent voters who seceded from the Republican party in 1884 because ey individually did not believe Mr. Blaine was a fit man to be President of the United States. They thought that is nomination marked a distinct decadence in the moral tone and purpos of the Republican party. They voted for Cieveland to rebuke what they considered a downward step in the conduct of political affairs. They acted from principle, and the only way the Republican party can recover them is by recognizing their con-scientious objection to Mr. Blaine. To talk of their reconciliation to him is silly. It is possible for him to estab-lish friendly relations with Roscoe Conkling and ex-President Arthur, although there are many lions in the path. But Mr. Blaine can never be any more acceptable to the Mug-wumps than he was in 1884.—Chicago

An Editor's Brilliant Fancy. Field Marshal Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. has a very fertile imagination. Some of the most startling works of fiction of the wild West before the war were from his pen. Latterly he has turned the fruits of his imagination into the line of politics, and the last flight of his fancy appears in his declaration that the result of the late election pres ages the defeat of the Democratic

party in 1888.

This is the latest and one of the wildest of his imaginings. The rule hav-ing been, with one or two exceptions, under remarkable circumstances, that the mid-term elections have resulted in a House of Representatives politically opposed to the President, we have in these recent elections an exception to the rule, under circumstances not at all remarkable, showing that, contrary

to the usual course, the Administration has strengthened its party in the first half of its exercise of power. We have simply a reduced majority in place of the complete overturn which occurred in the middle of the term for which President Garfield was elected, and which has generally occurred in mid-term elections in this country.

Unless Mr. Halstead sees more than we do in the late elections, his fancy has run away with him. - Boston Her-

PENNSYLVANIA'S "VICTORY!"

The Man from Maine and His Follower Accept the "Honor" of Having Carried the Keystone State as Champions of the Great Coal Combination, Which a Dem-ocratic Governor Was Fighting.

"The course of the Governor of Pennsyl vania in interfering with the monopolistic schemes of the coal combinations in that State has quite naturally greatly incensed them."-

Omaha Bes (Rep.)
"James G. Blaino's triumphal procession through Pennsylvania may not have been necessary, but the result is a Republican ma jority of something like 50,000 or 60,000, and a Democratic Governor will step down and out."— Republican Buren Paragraph.

It may not have been necessary for Mr. Blaine to have made a triumphal march through Pennsylvania in the interest of the coal combinations, which a Democratic Governor had greatly incencensed, but the combinations referred to were very much afraid that it was. The Democratic Governor who will now step down and out put the issue against the combinations so forcibly and so plainly that it was feared the people of the State could not fail to see it, and seeing it could not fail to indorse the issue as a Democratic movement that promised them re-lief. So Blaine, with his magnetism, was called to aid and assist the combinations in the choice of a political Governor who will permit the movement inaugurated by a Democratic Governor to go by the board—go the way that all reforms go which are manipulated by the Republicans.

The fight of the coal combinations in Pennsylvania was not really a local one. It was one of National importance and National interest. It will be hard to find a Republican newspaper, or a member of the Republican party outside of the State of Pennsylvania that will indorse the "coal combination" that a Democratic Governor is fighting, and it will be equally hard to ind one that did not indorse the action of the combination in fighting the Democratic ticket in that State. nia Democrats were defeated while fighting in a good cause—a cause that the Republican party can not take issue with. If the incense of the combina tions-combinations which have been decried by men and newspapers of all faith and political complexion, East and West—has been so great that a Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania hust give way to a Republican, we fail to see wherein James G. Blaine and his followers can take pride in the forty thousand majority the combinations have secured against the Democrats. And yet the combinations that spent thousands of dollars to beat the Democratic ticket are quite willing to accord the honor of the victory to Blaine and his followers. And Blaine and his followers are quite willing to accept the nonor thus conferred-now that battle has been fought and won. - Des Moines Leader.

The Country Democratic. the New York papers that Mr. Blaine On the morning after the late election there appeared in the Cincinnati Commercial, editorially, and also repeated in glaring head-lines over the from the prompt denial by the ubqui- "The Next President Will Be the Nomtous "intimate friend" on Sunday that lines of the Republican National Con was contemplated. But the vention." Well, let us see. In 1884 observant public is used to de- the Republicans had 189 Electoral nials of the reported purposes of votes, and the Democrats had 212. dency. These reports are sent out like the following States to which the figso many antennæ to feel the public.

That Mr. Blaine and his little privy council have considered the feasibility of re
22; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 9; Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 14; Michi 1884 does not admit of question. In gan, 13; Minnesota, 7; Nebraska, 5; reply to the question, will Mr. Blaine Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 4; Ohio, 23; Pennsylvania, 30; 4; Vermont, 4, and Wisconsin, 11-

total, 189. The Democrats have carried Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 7; California, Colorado: 3: Delaware, 3: Florida, 4 Georgia, 12; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 9; Mississippi, 10; New Jersey, 9; New York, 36; North Carolina, 11; Oregon, 3; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 13; Virginia, 12; West Virginia,

This seems to show a Democratic majority of 23. To this ought really to be added Indiana, which slipped away from us by a mere scratch. That stalwarts and the Arthurites—were greedily clamoring for him, his old "first, last and all the time" partisans nesota and Connecticut ought really to be added also, but it would be un kind to make the subject too painful to our Republican friends. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

All of the Territories Becoming Democratic.

There are eight Territories out West which will be "knocking at the door of the Union," as the poets of the plains put it, one of these days. They all elected delegates to Congress on National issues, and five of them were carried by the Democrats. Arizona, Montana, New Mexico, Utah and Washington will be represented by Democrats, and Dakota, Idaho and Wyoming by Republicans. The elec-tion of a Republican in Idaho is a gain, as, also, is the election of a Demperat in Arizona, the Territorial delegation, in the aggregate, standing poitically the same as before.

Perhaps the most noticeable thing Washington has increased its majority for Voorhees, Democrat, a son of Sen ator Voorhees, by more than one thou and votes. Dakota has not exactly taken the advice which was freely of-fered it some time ago to give the Democrats a majority once and see how quickly it would be admitted to the Union, but for some reason there to the Union, but for some reason there has been a great falling off in the Republican vote there. Montana and Washington appear to be growing in Democracy as they increase in population. If the politicians of Dakota could eliminate from their heads the idea that that Territory is entitled to come in as two or three States it would be possible for the representatives of the possible for the representatives of the two parties in Washington to agree upon some scheme by which it could gain statchood along with one of the other Territories which is Democratic. -Chicago Herald.

-Our loss in the House of Repre sentatives was long since discounted. It was made certain by Republican gerrymanders. It had in it not the faintest element of surprise.—CincinPITH AND POINT.

—Mamma—If you really love me. Mamie, give me a nice kisa. Indulgent child—How I do spoil you mamma. —He was so benevolent a man, so merciful a man that, in his mistaken compassion, he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.

—He (poetical)—Why should I fear to sip the weets of each red lip? She (practical)—No necessity for alarm at all. I use a vegetable color which is

not poisonous. —A correspondent writes to ask what age has done the most for journal sm. You can't "stick" us on that, friend. The mucilage, by long odus .- Yonkers

Statesman. -"Break, Break, Break," the title of a recent musical contribution to the Boston Sunday Globe, sounds very much like a refrain of the domestic who washes the dishes .- Detroit Free Press. —An exchange gives a long list of reasons why you shouldn't snub a boy, but omits the principal one, which is that nine times out of ten its a waste of

time to try .- Merchant Traveler. -The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself with one. - Shoe and eather Reporter.

-Mrs. Minks (reading)-The Rothschild family settle all disputed points by family counsel and never employ a law-yer. Mr. Minks (who has just lost a suit)—Well, well, no wonder they're rich. - Chicago Journal.

-A little fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion in response, 'you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."-Albany Journal.

-Her only fault:-She's rich and fair and talented as well; Her figure is a dream, her smile a spell. Her fair complexion's like a pink sea shell— "Twill stand inspection.

Her disposition's sweet as it can be,
And with her taste in dress modistes agree;
But for her bad taste in refusing me,
She'd be perfection.
— Oakland Echoes.

"How old was Mathuselah when he died?" asked a Texas Sunday-school teacher of Tommy Yerger, a precocious youth. "I don't know; how old was Methu?" said Tommy. "He was nine hundred years old when he died," replied the teacher. "Nine hundred years old! Whew! I wonder how his son-in-law liked that?" replied Tommy, as he gave an incredulous whistle. "Texas gave an incredulous whistle. - Texas

-Omaha Dame-You seem very fond of that Mrs. De Cash. New York Dame
—Yes; I wish you could meet her. She
is the most self-sacrificing woman in
New York. "Indeed?" "I should say
so. Why, her husband gave her three hundred dollars to buy a new parasol, and she spent every cent of it for doc-tors' fees and medicine." "Ah. I see—" "Yes, poor little pet; but I really don't believe the dog would have lived if she hadn't."—Omaha World.

WAR ELEPHANTS.

How They Are Utilized by the British Indian Army in Burmah.

Attached to the British Indian army, which is now in Burmah trying to wipe out the murderous bands of Dakoits that are affrighting the country, is an elephant battery. Seven-pound guns, including their carriages, are fastened to frame-work and hoisted upon the backs of the elephants. In this way the reconciliation failed may be inferred election news, the following legend: troops are able to transport their artillery through long stretches of country where there are no wagon roads, and their cannon if they d d not have beasts of burden strong enough to carry the artillery on their backs. When the troops meet the enemy the guns are quickly unloaded by means of a tripod, to which is attached a swinging arm and tackle.

The elephant takes a more humble

place in war nowadays than formerly. He used to be one of the combatants, but in these days of gunpowder and bombshells he has been reduced to the transportation department. Centuries before the Christian era the rulers of Egypt maintained stations as far south as Khartoum for the sole purpose of col-lecting wild elephants to be trained for war purposes. They were used not only to carry archers and javelin hurlers into into the field, but were also trained to rush upon the enemy and trample them under foot. While opposing warriors on their elephants fought at short range the elephants themselves would fight each other. It is said that the notion that the Asiatic elephant is superior to his African brother dates from the time African brother dates from the time when, in a battle between Antiochus III., King of Syria, and Ptolemy Philopator, in 217 B. C., the Asiatic elephants in the army of the Syrian monarch killed every one of Ptolemy's African animals. The idea of the superiority of the Asiatic elephant is still held by nany, though it is probably groundless. -Chicago Times.

GERMAN RAILROADS.

Prominent Merchant's Views on Some Interesting Foreign Topics. John Wannamaker, in speaking of

his recent European trip, said: "In Germany the Government controls and operates all railroads but one. The plan has been in operation two or three years, and while it is profitable to the Government, the revenue derived from railroad sources being greater than the appropriations for railroad purposes, still I am convinced that competing private corporat ons serve the interests of the people better. Both passenger and freight rates are higher in Germany than in this country. There is a disposition on the continent to put all railroad service on the same footing as the postal service in Great Britain. I found postal service in Great Britain. I found a tendency toward the abandonment of the second-class grade of traveling. The idea is to retain the first and third class coaches and add a fourth-class coach, which is simply an empty baggage-car without seats, where the passenger has his choice of standing or using a portable stool, or like the elephant, using his own trunk. Everywhere I found that great interest was elephant, using his own trunk. Everywhere I found that great interest was felt about America, and the people were constantly asking about the possibility of success if they came here. This is especially true among the farmers, who are very much discouraged. American products are finding their way to every nock and corner of the continent of Europe. I saw a load of American straw hauked through the streets of Zurich, and I was told that the price was eighty-five cents per hundred pounds, which is the same price I have often paid here. From what is said about America abroad I am satisfied that there are others beside ourselves who believe that America is the greatest country in the world."—Philadelphia Times.